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By *ADAM FITZ-ADAM.*

To be continued every THURSDAY.

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THERE is nothing in this world that a man places ſo high a value upon, or that he parts with ſo reluctantly, as the idea of his own CONSEQUENCE. Amidſt care, ſickneſs and misfortune; amidſt dangers, diſappointments, and death itſelf, he holds faſt this idea, and yields it up but with his laſt breath.

HAPPY indeed would it be if virtue, wiſdom, and ſuperior abilities of doing good were the baſis of our CONSEQUENCE; but the misfortune is, we are generally apt to place it in thoſe very qualities, for which the

the thinking part of mankind either hate or deſpiſe us. The man of pleaſure derives his CONSEQUENCE from the number of women he has ruined; the man of honour, from the duels he has fought; the country ſquire, from the number of bottles he can drink; the man of learning, by puzzling you with what you do not underſtand; the ignorant man, by talking of what he does not underſtand himſelf; my lady's woman, by dreſſing like a perſon of quality; and my lady herſelf, by appearing in clothes unworthy of one of her houſe-maids.

THOSE, who in their own ſituations, are unfortunately of no CONSEQUENCE, are catching at every opportunity that offers itſelf to acquire it. Thus the blockhead of fortune flies from the company that would improve him, to be a man of CONSEQUENCE among the vulgar; while the independent citizen gives up the eaſe and enjoyment which he would find in the company and converſation of his equals, to be mortified by the pride and arrogance of his ſuperiors at the other end of the town, in order to be a man of CONSEQUENCE at his return.

I REMEMBER an anabaptiſt taylor in the city, who, to make himſelf of CONSEQUENCE, uſed to boaſt to his cuſtomers, that however ſilent hiſtory had been upon a certain affair, he could affirm upon his credit, that the man in the maſk who cut off king Charles's head, was his own grandfather. I knew alſo a ſhoe-boy at Cambridge, when I was a ſtudent at St. John's, who was afterwards tranſported for picking pockets, but who having at his return commenced gameſter, and of courſe made himſelf company for gentlemen, uſed always to preface what he had to ſay with, "I remember "when I was *abroad*, or when I was at *college*."

But

But even a more ridiculous inſtance than this, is in an old gentlewoman who has lately taken a garret at my barber's: this lady (whoſe father it ſeems was a juſtice of the quorum) conſtantly ſits three whole hours every evening over a halfpenny rowl and a farthing's worth of cheeſe, becauſe it was the cuſtom of her family, ſhe ſays, to dine late, and ſit a long while. This kind of CONSEQUENCE was very happily ridiculed by Tom Slaughter the butcher at Newmarket. Everybody knows that Tom's father was a gentleman who run through a very good eſtate by cocking and horſe-racing. Tom being aſked, laſt meeting, by one who had known him in his proſperity, how he could deſcend to ſo low a calling as that of a butcher, anſwered, "Why, you know, "ſir, our family always took a pride in killing their "own mutton."

THAT this affectation of CONSEQUENCE is the moſt ridiculous of all vanities, everybody will allow. But where men of real worth in all other reſpects are poſſeſſed of it, or where perſons in great and honourable ſtations render themſelves and their employments contemptible by ſuch affectation, it is then ſeriouſly to be lamented.

OUR anceſtors derived their CONSEQUENCE from their independency; and ſupported it by their integrity and hoſpitality. They reſided upon their ſeveral eſtates, and kept open houſes for their neighbours and tenants. They exerted themſelves in deeds of hardineſs and activity; and their wives and daughters were modeſt and good houſewives.

THERE is an epitaph in Peck's collection of curious hiſtorical pieces, which (as that book is but in a few hands, and as I do not remember to have ſeen it in any other collection) I ſhall here tranſcribe, that our gentry,

of

of the preſent times may be inſtructed in the art of making themſelves perſons of real CONSEQUENCE. This epitaph (which for it's natural beauty and ſimplicity, is equal to any thing of the kind) was written in queen Elizabeth's time, upon that noble and famous knight Sir Thomas Scot of Scot's hall in the county of Kent, who died on the 30th day of December 1594. and was buried in Bradborn church. His mother was the daughter of Sir William Kempe. He ſerved in many parliaments as knight of the ſhire for that county. In the memorable year 1558, upon the council's ſending him a letter on the Wedneſday, acquainting him with the approach of the Spaniſh armada, he ſent four thouſand armed men to Dover on the Thurſday. The inhabitants of Aſhford would have paid the charges of his funeral, on condition that his corps might have been buried in their church.

EPITAPH.

I.

Here lies Sir THOMAS SCOT *by name;*
Oh hapie KEMPE *that bore him!*
Sir RAYNOLD, *with four knights of fame,*
Lyv'd lyneally before him.

II.

His wiefes were BAKER, HEYMAN, BEERE;
His love to them unfayned.
He lyved nyne and fifty yeare;
And ſeventeen ſowles he gayned.

III.

His firſt wief bore them everie one:
The world might not have myſt her!
She was a verie paragon,
The ladie BUCKERST'S *ſyſter.*

IV.

His widowe lyves in ſober ſorte;
No matron more diſcreter.
She ſtill reteiynes a good reporte,
And is a great howſekeper.

V.

V.

He (being call'd to ſpecial place)
Did what might beſt behove him.
The QUEENE *of* ENGLAND *gave him grace;*
The KING *of* HEAV'N *did love him.*

VI.

His men and tenants wail'd the daye,
His kinn and cuntrie cried!
Both younge and old in KENT *may ſaye,*
Woe woorth the daye he died.

VII.

He made his porter ſhut his gates
To ſycophants and briebors;
And ope them wide to greate eſtates,
And alſoe to his neighbors.

VIII.

His hous was rightlye termed hall,
Whoſe bred and beef was redie.
It was a verie hoſpitall,
And refuge for the needie.

IX.

From whence he never ſtept aſide,
In winter nor in ſommer.
In Chriſtmas time he did provide
Good cheer for everie comer.

X.

When any ſervis ſhold be donn,
He lyeked not to lyngar;
The rich wold ride, the poore wold runn,
If he held up his fingar.

XI.

He kept tall men, he rydd great hors;
He did indite moſt finelye;
He us'd fewe woords, but cold diſcours
Both wiſely and dyvinelye.

XII.